# Thanksgiving Day One Hundred Years Ac



and the public buildings at Washing- has record. ton had been put to the torch. While by the fall of Napoleon.

in the ancient birthplace of the holf- epicures. day it is safe to say that the celebraand didn't care who knew it. The feed only to their hogs or leave to form, cocaine and morphine were as hit by its effects. Its commerce, the have been worth their weight in gold; of the wound, that was to wait for more religious cast while the Thanks- known luxuries. giving sermons, once a significant fea- The farmer of that day was a slave ture of the day, were shadowed by of the season and the produce of his and growing extent a part of a sportgloom and saturated with pessimism. toll was governed strictly by the calling and amusement holiday in which It was under conditions as insus- endar. There were no hothouses to real Thanksgiving, in the sense of year, will be observed by almost if strawberries or cucumbers at Thanks- considering the marvelous growth of not quite a hundred million people, giving would be equivalent to an apthe citizens of a great and prosper plication for admission to an asylum ous nation, the richest in the world for the insane. and the most powerful ever conceived | But the difference does not end with | are many profound reasons why this in the loins of time. A century ago, a comparison of the eatables of the annual feast of ours should be prethe day was observed by not quite a feast a century ago and today. It is ceded by a moment, at least, of sol-

on turkey and trimmings without en- war that the American nation was neither range nor cook stove. They thusiastic thanks, for the nation was born. Today, 100,000,000 Americans, had not yet been invented. Her tur-In the gloomy midst of the second war in identity of political and social key and her pies were baked in the with Great Britain and it had mighty ideals, language and institutions, pre- great fireplace, and her fuel was wood, little to be thankful for. The capital sent a picture of the most thoroughly for coal was not yet used. had been captured by the invaders nationalized country of which history

the little American navy had won the Thanksgiving of 1814 differ from to be dispatched weeks and perhaps by give ye th' shirt off me back 'r th' wonderful victories against great odds the one to be celebrated this year. months in advance of the event, for and written a chapter in history that Of course there were the funda it required the best part of a week makes our blood thrill with admira- mental essentials of turkey, pumpkin for a letter to travel from Boston to tion, yet Great Britain, with its big ple and cranberry sauce; there were New York, as long a time, in fact. fleets, was still mistress of the seas the homegathering of relatives and as it now takes to cross the contiand American commerce ceased to the reunion of the family around the nent. Were it addressed to Chicago. exist. On land the American army, old hearthstone. But beyond that all a mere trading post at that time, it rent with dissentions and generaled by has changed with the passage of the would be sent the previous July. And political incompetents, made a record | fleeting years. Could a boy or a girl | the invitation itself would be written | "If." he of humiliating defeats, the sting of of today, by some ledgerdemain of with a quill and blotted with sand, which was to be removed in 1815 by time, be transported back to one of for in those days there were no steel dulcet the signal victory of Jackson and his | those old fashioned Thanksgiving day | pens. no typewriters, no blotters, no backwoodsmen over the tried veterans of a century ago, he or she would gummed envelopes, no postage stamps of Pakenham at New Orleans. Pol. think they were being robbed of their And the son or daughter in the

the nation tottered on the verge of giving table a century ago. No as- was by river or road. bankruptcy. The collapse of the paragus, no sweet potatoes, no string If a man on his way to a Thanksyoung republic with its five or six beans, no corn, no green peas, and so giving feast at the old homestead in million people scattered over an im- on down the attractive list that consti- the country was thrown from his mense territory, was freely predicted, tutes the appetizing trimmings of the horse in the road, breaking a leg or now that England's hands were loosed Thanksgiving table of today. The tin arm, his case was one to be pitied. can era had not yet dawned, and its For most of the doctors of those days Only in New England in 1814 was possibilities of smashing seasonable were ignorant and careless. If ampu-Thanksgiving day observed, and even | monotony were undreamed of even by | tation was necessary, the victim was

tion was far from being the joyous Thanksgiving fruit. The list practilizing way through the tortured flesh feast of the past. For New England cally started and ended with apples- and bone. For 1814 was before the as a whole had a big, bitter grouch and of a kind that most farmers now days of anesthetics. Ether, chloro-New England states were flercely hos- rot on the ground. Grapefruit was a yet unknown, and as for antiseptics, tile to the war and had been hardest word not yet invented; oranges would the protection against germ infection chief source of its wealth, had been and the banana was to await many more than fifty years. There was completely destroyed by Jefferson's years for its introduction to the no quinine, no strychnine, no tineembargo law and the blockade of its American housewife. Nor would it ture of iron, no carbolic acid-in fact, ports by the British fleet. Its militia have been possible for the voracious there were scarcely any of the comwere not permitted to serve beyond youngster of that day to gorge him- mon and tamiliar drugs of today. the borders of New England, and the self with luscious grapes and delicate | There was no pepsin for that Thanksleaders and a great part of the popu- raisins. Pineapple was another un- giving indigestion, and a cold or a lace openly and warmly advocated known word. Of course there were toothache was a thing to be dreaded. secession from the Union either as an nuts, but only of native varieties. independent repu'lic or as an Eng- Almonds, Brazil nuts, pecans and the lish province or colony. Under such English walnuts, without which no will be preliminary to a visit to a circumstances. Thanksgiving in New Thanksgiving table of today would be England in 1814 took a somber and considered complete, were then un imposible to the sturdy stock of

Thanksgiving day, this divine plan of things. A request for

CENTURY ago, the alone amid gloom, uncertainty, appre- pare the task of preparation now and celebration of Thanks- hension and poverty following the then. The good housewife of 1914, if giving day was con- ravages of war. A century ago, the called upon to get up a Thanksgiving fined to New England. Federal Union was an experiment in feast with the utensils and under the Even had it been the government that, in the minds of kitchen conditions of 1814, would national holiday it is many, was foredoomed to failure. throw up her hands in despair, a.d. if today, the struggling There was no nation; rather a loose the task was put up to the average young republic of the confederation of hostile sections and servant of today would jump her job United Shates in the jealous states. It was out of the in an instant. The hardworking year of grace 1814 would have feasted struggles and sufferings of this very housewife of a century ago, had

If relatives were to be invited to Thanksgiving homegatherings in those But in a hundred other ways did old days, the invitations would have

itical animosities flamed at a white holiday rights. Even the wealthiest city who wished to return to the old heat unknown today. Sectional feel people of those old days could not homestead for Thanksgiving in 1814 ing was high and bitter. The national have on their Thanksgiving table faced an ordeal before which most of fi cint setreasury was practically empty. Grass many of the things found today on us today would quail. For traveling gars, 'r a grew in the streets of the cities and the tables of the humblest citizen. | a century ago was a hazard and a shipping rotted at the wharves. Busi- In fact, there was a great poverty peril. The railroad was at that time ness and industry were paralyzed and of vegetable variety on the Thanks- undreamed of, and all inland travel

> generally held down by main strength And there was the same poverty in while saw and knife cut their agon-

In literally millions of homes on Thursday, the Thanksgiving dinner football game or a theater, things 1814. In fact, the religious feast of our grandsires has become to a large today with those of a century ago, the republic in wealth and prosperity. fence, distended with rage, was yell- length. the wonderful advancement of education, science and knowledge-there

emn and reverent thankfulness.

that the men spent considerable time

One Caused Break in Old Friendship; the Other Brought About Its Renewal.

Ga'lant Act of Salvation Army Lleu- and to a tenant Had Its Reward, Though at the Cost of Great Damage to Feelings and Features.

N THE days when Harlem was so far west that little boys used to bullet; and long desirously to go out there and at catch-askill buffaloes, Indians and other catch-can. unprotected game, Matthew Dor-se, and Wolf Tone Cassidy shook the t u m b l e . peat from their feet and emigrated to knock-down-America in the bowels of a ship that, and-draglike all vessels of the aching past, went four feet up and down and six sideways to every one ahead.

On landing at Castle Garden, they physical remained in the city long enough to combat, he purchase a gold brick apiece and get has few equals and no superiors. beld up and robbed; then their bucolic went beyond three broken window- per. anes simultaneously.

And so passed nigh unto half a

Mr. Dorsey, having finished the greakfast dishes and lighted his dudeen, went out to his front door to see what Mr. Cassidy was about; and Mr.

"Good morning, Matchew!" called across the little gardens. thim!" called back Mr. Dorsey.

"'Tis a foine da-ay, Matchew, avick," commented Mr. Cassidy, puffing ex- impatient. pansively. "'Tis th' da-ay of rajjoicin' an' givin' thanks and prisints, Matsorry Oi am taht Oi hov nothin' to give yes.'

"Th' sa-ame here an' man-ny of thim," replied Mr. Dorsey. "Oi'd gladroof over me hid on'y Of'd loikely Dorsey interrupted. ketch pnoomony an' die. But th' love in me hear-rt is th's same.'

"'Tis me own sintimints yez is raypaytin' aven befure they's spoke be

turned Mr. went on, in' "a gossoon was to come along wid a box o' good millyon dollars, 'r so'-

thing lolke thot, 'in of-

'Good Mornin', Matchew) er thim to me, Ol'd sa-ay, 'No, me good sir, no, thank ye, kindly. Give thim to the bes' friend I've had f'r man-ny years, an' more, Dorsey there.'

"Arrah, no, Wolf Tone, avick," protested Mr. Dorsey. "Twould niver do. D'ye think Oi'd shtand by an' rayceive all thim gorg'us an' ixpinsive prisints whilst you had nothin? Oi'd ta-ake none of thim, be hivins. "Give thim to Cassidy, th' noblest, ginerousest frind-" He stopped, suddenly, little eyes bent piercingly toward a corner of his little garden.

"Phwat's thot?" he quickly demand-

"What's phwat?" inquired Mr. Cas-

Mr. Dorsey brought a square fist down into a receptive palm with a re- Mr. Dorsey in the eye, while the other sounding whack. A tur-rkey!" he exclaimed. "A tur-

rkey! An' in my yar-rd! Th' Lord is good to thim He loves!" him in helpless indecision.

extended to grab the turkey, Mr. Cas- building the raging Mr. Dorsey and sidy shouted, suddenly; and the tur- the trumpeting Mr. Cassidy. key, frightened, scuttled through a it was an ejection long and hardhole in the fence and into Mr. Cas- fought. But it was an ejection. picious as these that the homegather- force fruit and vegetables out of sea- the origin of the day, is conspicuous sidy's yard. Whereat Mr. Cassidy made Sitting side by side in the street, Mr. ing feast of old New England was ush- son. The good people of those days by its absence. Nevertheless, when a quick jump for it. But he missed it Dorsey timorously wiggled back and ered in. How profound the change would have considered it almost sacri- a person stops to think about it, clean and landed on the place where forth a loose tooth, while Mr. Cassidy wrought by a century in the life of the lege, an attempt to improve on the comparing the material comforts of he was intending to set out early let- tenderly caressed a fast blackening tuce in the spring. eye.

Meanwhile Mr. Dorsey, half over the

"Lave my tur-rkey be! Lave my his mouth. tur-rkey be!" Mr. Cassidy picked a triangular sec-

tion of broken glass from his person | rkey," said Mr. Cassidy. and. commenting up-



tense terms, ar-rmy divvie, be hivvins!"-Pennsylturned upon | vania Grit. Mr. Dorsey. "Yure turrkey?"

you said," us the blessings. howled Mr.

"Kape me wur-rd, is it?" cried Mr. attention to what might have been

Mr. Dorsey, angrily. "But an nyhow, at last like of

you have me tur key be, you thievin' ould omaidhoun r Offi brain yez." aid Mr. Cassidy, insult-"A. P. A.!"

"Phwat's thot?" yelled Mr. Dorsey, looking for an opening in the fence large enough to admit passage to his portly frame.

When one Kerry man asks another, "Phwat's thot?" it is time for peace loving people to retire to a distance.

great dis tance, for a Kerry man ean throw a half brick as a rifle speeds a and various other schools of Mrs. Slattery Had the

Turkey. And ere Mr. Dorsey, too weak even desires ameliorated with metropolitan to wag a threatening finger, and Mr. disgust and they trekked to the afore Cassidy, too tired to call Mr. Dorsey said west and constructed for them- the names that were congesting in his selves two little shacks, perched high being, retired to their respective on the edge of Somebody or Other's abodes to think up things to say to cliff. And there they lived and pros- one another on the morrow, old Mrs. pered, though not to any alarming de- Honoria Slattery, who lived farther up gree; for they never achieved more on the rocks, already was removing than one pair of shoes at a time, al- the last pin feather from the turkey though, on the other hand, they never with a piece of flaring wrapping pa

One year later, to a day, Mr. Dorcentury; and it was Thanksgiving sey, glowering at Mr. Cassidy, and Mr. Cassidy, glowering at Mr. Dorsey, be took themselves down to the express office, each to get the crated turkey that his son had sent him for his Thanksgiving dinuer.

Side by side, in armed neutrality Cassidy, having done precisely the they waited for the agent to finish same thing, did precisely the same discoursing to the pretty operator upon the beneats of love to the working man and how the stimulus of having a good woman to work for brings "Th' same to yez an' man-ny of out all there is best in the male be-

Mr. Dorsey and Mr. Cassidy waxed

They had come for turkeys, not for dissertations; and this one was particchew," went on Mr. Cassidy. "'Tis ularly annoying because they had both been married. At length, when the agent had

wrought himself into a verbal freuzy in an attempt to clinch the point that two can live as cheaply as one Mr

"Two can live as chape as wan if they'll live on half as much," he burst forth, "an' now gi'me me tur-rkey." The agent turned in cold hauteur.

"They's one out on the platform in a crate," he returned, frigidly. "The name's rubbed off, so I don't know who it belongs to."

"It's mine," said Mr. Dorsey. 'Ye're a liar," said Mr. Cassidy

" 'Twas on'y yisterday me son Moike writ me tellin' me he'd sint me wan," howled Mr. Cassidy. "Ol hov th' let-

"Oh, ho, you hov, hov you!" yelled Mr. Dorsey. "Well, yez couldn't read it, anyhow, so phwat's th' difference?" Mr. Cassidy throbbed with anger. "Of'll l'arn ye phwat th' difference

is!" he howled. He took off his cost. cast it to the floor and, stooping. rubbed the palms of his hands in the dirt. Dorsey, the joy of battle in his little eyes, was not a whit behind. And then there entered Lieutenant

Dalrymple of the Salvation army. He was a little man, with a pimply face and chest like a washboard. But he valiantly pushed in where would have feared to tread the most fatuous and blindest angel that ever flew. "Hold!" he cried, extending spin

dling arms. Mr. Dorsey eyed him truculently.

"Gowan!" he yelled, threateningly, "Phwat's th' matther wid ye? D' ye wan' ter git kilt? Git out o' me wa-ay!' and he rushed at Mr. Cassidy.

Lieutenant Dalrymple, the peace maker, with extended hands, stepped between. One befingered fist caught enr eshed itself in Mr. Cassidy's Glengarrys.

It was well for Lieutenant Dalrymple that he was a good runner. The Bent, tiptoeing, he started toward half mile to headquarters he covered the strutting fowl. Mr. Cassidy moved in two minutes flat, and he spent the over toward the fence and watched rest of the morning in a Saratoga trunk in the garret, while the rest of Just as Mr. Dorsey had his hands the army endeavored to eject from the

"Matchew," said Mr. Cassidy at Mr. Dorsey removed his fingers from

"Phwat is ut?" he queried. "Lave us go home an' ate our tur-

Mr. Dorsey nodded profoundly. "Yis," he said. "An' whin we've finon it brief ished-'twill be da-ark by thin-we'll ly and in coom back an' lay f'r thot Salvashun

Much to Be Thankful For. We have much to be thankful for cried, invid. The year has been one of progress. lously. The corn crop is still enough and to "Yure tur spare. The wheat crop exceeds that of former years. We are still the "Ol that Lord's chosen nation, and he gives

Thousands of new families find Dorsey, homes on American soll each year and "thot if a rise from poverty to independence.

our shores. Minor evils have called

Cobwebs



Exact Copy of Wrapper Service of the Servic

Impossible for English. Apropos of the English boycott upon erman music, relates the Washington Star, Dr. Leopold Richter, the wellnown conductor, said in Milwaukee:

"The English, anyhow, don't care ery much for German music. The English are too conventional. Your nglish musician, your English actor. our English author, he must always be a 'gentleman.' Well, 'gentlemen' are rather limited, rather narrow. There are so many things 'gentlemen' can't

"When my friend, Dr. Richard Strauss, was drilling the Covent garden orchestra in 'Electra' he was very nuch annoyed by the tameness of the English playing. Finally, at a wild and savage passage he rapped sharply with his baton and said:

"'You are all playing like gentlemen. Don't play like gentlemen-play like wild beasts."

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Classed as Spring Chicken. Motorist twho had run over a patriarchal fowl)-But the price is very ligh. The bird's in his second child-

Irish Peasant-It's the thrue word yer honor's spakin'. Thim young chickens is terrible dear at this salson.

Sometimes half the truth is worse than none.

Most of us would be satisfied with he silver lining without the cloud.

### Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus

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thinks a sweeping gesture makes up -Have No Appetite. for a lack of gray matter and goes in CARTER'S LITTLE more for sound than sense. YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

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Stomachs Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman,

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helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy actionhelps them to digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body. the liver into activity—oils the machinery of the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk.

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have Dr. Pierce's Camman Sansa Medical Advisor of 1008 Pages for Str

# million and half New Englanders even more startling when we com-**Bell Threatened Destruction**

but forget our own. You may tell

ing ungifted. No life is ungifted,

me what you please about your life be-

An alarming occurrence took place away from its bearings, and was rest- the bell. when the congregation at St. Will- ing upon a wooden beam, which prefam's church. Rochdale road, Man- vented it crashing through the roof chester (Eng.) were assembling re- into the church. The church was cently for service. During the ringing quickly cleared, and the fire brigade of the bell, which is said to weigh was summoned, with a view of restor hard task vanishes when a man feels about fifteen hundredweight, a dull, ing the bell to its fastenings, and so that he has comrades at his side fightheavy thud was heard in the vicinity remove the threatening danger. With ing in the same cause, or that the of the belfry. An examination showed the aid of the fire escape they reached eyes of those he loves are upon him. that the bell, the tone of which had the belfry, but were unable to render and their hearts praying for his viobeen suddenly hushed, had broken the services sought, nothwithstanding tory.-C. J. Perry.

adopting other methods of reaching

Inspiration. Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any

No Such Thing as Untalented. | ungifted, let us be sure it is only be-, I'll be glad to," he said, and at once In the Woman's Home Companion cause we have allowed our natural grappled the strings. After an unsuc-Anne Bryan McCall, writing a Tower gifts to be uncultivated. 'We are nobly Room talk entitled "The Talented born, says Stevenon, with his characsaid that "strictly speaking teristic pride and insight; and then, and perspired like a pitcher of ice there are no untalented people." She with his characteristic thoughtfulness, continues in part as follows: "When he adds, Fortunate those who know;

we envy the gifts of others we do blessed those who remember." Took the Hint.

cessful effort of five minutes, during which he got as red as a brick house respectable knot, Miss Mary." "Suppose, Philander," she whispered, with "Philander," said the pretty girl to in a clergyman to assist." Like the nythin about anny tur-rkeys? Answer There is no personality which has her bashful beau. "I wish you'd tie unveiling of a beautiful mystery, the not its own peculiar and rich talents. this ribbon at my throat. I can't see situation unfolded itself to Philander, If our lives seem to us untalented, to do it without a glass." "Of course; and he feels better now.

water on a July window sill, he stammered: "I-I-don't think I can tie a a pretty little blush, "suppose you call

on the task scaling the steep roof and

ma-an came along wid a segar 'r a They constantly increase the nation's millyon dollars, you'd say, 'Give it to strength. me friend Dorsey." He snorted, dis- Science and invention are on a congustedly, "'Tis a divvle of a ma-an stant march of progress. yez ar're! Pwhy don't yez kape yer National calamity has not visited wur-rd?"

"Ol will an' Ol will not," rejoined

Mr. Cassidy, hotly. "Whin th' ma-an great ones. We have profi --- ". wid th' millyon dollars comes. Of'll and taken steps to av kape me wur-rd. But did Ol sa-ny an- rence.